

ARTIST WHO LURED

Three Girls Away Begged in Vain, and the Crowd Loudly Cheered.

Marietta, O.—Walter Savage, the sketch artist, who lured three young girls to his studio, pled with whisky and was later the victim of a sensational police raid, was arraigned in police court, where he pleaded guilty to furnishing intoxicants to minors, and was fined a hundred dollars and given 30 days in jail. The three victims of Savage were present and told their story of how he forced them to drink the whisky by threatening to kill them if they did not do his bidding. He threatened with a similar fate, they claim, if they ever told of the occurrence.

Savage begged for leniency and promised to leave the country if they would let him off. His plea was fruitless and the crowd which packed the courtroom loudly cheered when sentence was imposed.

WINE GROWERS

Have Practically Arranged Details of Plan of Merger.

Sandusky, O.—Experts are going over the books of the Sweet Valley, Dorn and A. Schmidt, Jr., wine companies in furtherance of the plans for a general merger of the principal wine companies of Sandusky and Ottawa counties, including the several islands in Lake Erie. The projected merger has been in contemplation since the first of the year, and although James Flynn, of this city, who has engineered several brewery mergers, and who is foremost in the pending deal, will not talk, it is learned from an authoritative source that an agreement has been reached and the final steps will be taken within the next few days.

FATHER OF EIGHT

Sets of Twins Has a Son Who is the Parent of Six Sets.

Ravenna, O.—E. R. Brown, of this city, father of eight sets of twins, has just heard from his eldest son, in St. Louis, that the latter's wife, several days ago, presented him with the sixth set of twins. In each case they are a boy and a girl.

Brown says his family was numerically strong long before President Roosevelt propagated his race suicide idea.

Mrs. Brown, who died 11 years ago, was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. At the World's fair in 1893, the twins were weighed, and aggregated over two tons, the biggest being 320 pounds.

SHE CRIED

When Told She Would Have To Leave the Ohio Prison.

Columbus, O.—The state is spending enormous sums to guard prisoners at the penitentiary, but there is one who does not want to leave the institution and who cried when told that the one-year term would soon expire. It is a woman, too, and her name is Mary Casseberry, doing a one-year sentence for bigamy from Cleveland. To Warden Gould she pleaded to be allowed to remain. Since her incarceration she has been doing domestic work in the female department.

Innocent, To Be Free.

Columbus, O.—Gov. Harris approved the action of the state board of pardons in recommending a pardon for William Ploger, sent up for life from Delaware county in 1901 on the charge of criminal assault. The board recommended his freedom on the grounds that he was innocent of the crime.

The Light Was Out.

Piqua, O.—John Tullis, night operator for the Pennsylvania railroad at the tower east of Fletcher, nearly lost his life by falling from a semaphore which he had climbed in an effort to relight a lamp and avert a possible wreck. He received serious injuries.

Two Blown To Pieces.

Woodstock, O.—Frank Madison and E. C. Douglas, pumpers on an oil lease three miles east of here, were instantly killed by the explosion of a boiler. A third man, in close proximity, escaped uninjured. The boiler was blown about 400 feet.

Follows Her Daughter.

Kirkersville, O.—Mrs. Alice Gunder, aged 76 years, committed suicide here by taking morphine. Less than three months ago her daughter Minnie fell dead on the street, due to the use of drugs.

In Son's Arms.

Lima, O.—Marion Laviness, aged 55 years, a widely known oil operator, was attacked by acute cramps and died in the arms of his son. He was extensively interested in fields here, in Indiana and in Kansas.

Groom's Parents Surprised.

Columbus, O.—The marriage of Dean Kercher to Miss Florence Ebner at Covington was a surprise to the parents of the groom, who reside on South Sixth street. He is a clerk in the office of the Purdy Milk Co., while the bride is a well-known milliner.

Sues For Divorce.

Cleveland, O.—Daisy Gordon Hanna, wife of Dan R. Hanna, filed suit for divorce. Extreme cruelty, abandonment and neglect of duty are charged. She asks for adequate alimony and the custody of the five-year-old daughter.

McKinley's Pastor Weds.

Canton, O.—Rev. C. E. Manchester, presiding elder of the Steubenville M. E. church, was married here to Mrs. Rhoda C. Post, widow of Rev. T. J. Post. Rev. Manchester preached the funeral sermon of the late President McKinley.

A BILLIARD BET

By F. Harris Deems

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Mr. James Hardon was a mild looking young man, with light sandy hair carefully parted down the center of his head. That he looked milder and younger than he really was, may or may not have been his fault—it certainly was not his misfortune.

He had arrived two days previously at the little town of Coleman, to recuperate after a fatiguing winter season.

Quite what his occupation was very few people knew. He occasionally backed horses—to lose; knew a few card tricks with which he amused strangers; and a good many more which he neither showed to them nor amused them with. He was a fairly good pigeon shot, and an exceptionally clever billiard player.

Coleman had been recommended to him by his bosom friend, Samuel Dugger, who was a native of the place. On this particular afternoon he was sitting mildly at the "Freemason's Hotel" debating whether he should enter or not. After a few minutes cogitation he sauntered in, and made for the billiard room.

Calling for a scotch and soda, he lit a cigarette, and stood watching a pale faced, lanky individual awkwardly knocking the balls about the table.

"Do you play?" queried that gentleman, catching Mr. Hardon's interested look.

"You can hardly call it playing," he replied, hesitatingly. Seeing he made a fairly comfortable living with his billiards, this was perhaps a fact. "Besides, I'm awfully out of practice."

"Som I," confessed the young man; "I was just knocking the balls about to see if I remembered the game."

"Well, I don't mind trying my hand," murmured Mr. Hardon.

"Right!" cried the young man, briskly. "What shall it be? Fifty up?"

"Fifty up? Oh, that means we've got to make 50 points doesn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man, chalking the tip of his cue industriously; "the man who makes 50 first wins."

"I see! Which ball do I have? I've almost forgotten."

About 20 minutes play, when the game stood 10 to 12, the young man carelessly suggested having a little something up on it.

"Well, I'm not a gambler," stated Mr. Hardon, "but I don't mind half a dollar."

"Go ahead, then, it's your play."

Now, whether it was that he was not used to the table, or that he took pity on the ignorance of his opponent, remains uncertain, but for the next half hour Mr. Hardon played about as badly as he ever had in his life.

"Playing ping-pong?" inquired a gentleman who had entered whilst the game was in progress, after the two innocents had sent their balls on the floor half a dozen times.

At the end of an hour's play Mr. Hardon raced out a winner by 50 to 46; and it is doubtful if he would have won then had not the pale-faced young man sent his last two balls on the ground.

"Let's have another game," suggested the loser, paying over his 50 cents.

"Don't forget they close at 12," offensively remarked the gentleman who had been watching the game.

"I don't mind," answered Mr. Hardon, ignoring this individual. "Same stakes?"

"Let's have a decent bit up on it this time, seeing we're about level. What do you say to ten dollars?"

"Go ahead, then," said Mr. Hardon.

"See here," exclaimed the spectator who by his greasy appearance seemed to be a butcher, addressing Mr. Hardon, "you're both pretty bad players, but I rather fancy the other chap is a bit better than you."

"You do, do you?" answered Mr. Hardon, blandly.

"Yes! And in spite of your winning the last game I'm ready to back him."

"Let me see," reflected Mr. Hardon. "I won the game off a strange table."

"Then what'll you back him for?" he asked, suddenly.

"Same as the stakes. Ten."

"Done with you," said Mr. Hardon, picking up his cue.

The pale young man and his backer exchanged knowing glances.

"Go it," cried the former as his opponent bent over the table.

And Mr. Hardon did "go it" to the extent of making a beautiful little break of 22.

"Well, I'm—" exclaimed the young man, as he looked from Mr. Hardon to the nasty position in which the balls were placed.

"Here, what do you call this?" blustered the greasy gentleman.

"Billiards," said Mr. Hardon, mildly. "What did you think it was? Ping-pong?"

"Shut up, Barker," said the young man, irritably, "you put me out."

Gritting his teeth he surveyed the table darkly. The balls were too badly placed for him to make more than ten.

Muttering viciously, he gave place to Mr. Hardon and watched that gentleman while he handled the balls as if they were alive.

Playing with rare skill, he put together an admirable 18.

The landlord entered the room at

this moment and stood watching the game.

"Knows how to play," he observed to the butcher as Mr. Hardon made the winning stroke.

"Knows a little too much for his health," was the irritable reply.

"Knows a little too much for Tom, at any rate," said the landlord, glancing at the scoring board.

Mr. Barker made no reply; he was thinking deeply. In fact so deeply that it required several nudges from Mr. Hardon to bring to his mind the fact that he owed him ten dollars.

For awhile he stood talking billiards with the landlord, whilst Mr. Barker and the lanky young man discussed affairs in a savage undertone.

"Say," said the lanky youth, suddenly addressing Mr. Hardon, "because you whacked me, don't think you can play, you know."

"Great Scott, no!" replied Mr. Hardon, scornfully.

"Because," continued the young man, controlling himself with an effort, "we've got much better players here."

"I don't doubt it," said Mr. Hardon, cordially.

Pushing his agitated companion into a chair, Mr. Barker came forward.

"What'd you say to backing yourself for \$500 with one of our own local men?" he inquired.

"Delighted," was the reply.

"Well, then, I'll bet you an even five hundred that we produce a local man the day after to-morrow to smash you."

"Done! He must be a bonafide yokel—I beg pardon, I mean local—how-ever."

Being reassured on this point, Mr. Hardon left the room with the firm conviction that, as a holiday resort, Coleman wanted some beating.

At the appointed hour Mr. Hardon



"Now Suppose You Give Me One Made by the U. S. A."

entered the crowded billiard room of the "Freemason's Hotel." There was

silence as he walked over to the corner where his friend, the butcher and the lanky young man, were. "Two to one on the city cuss," cried a voice.

The jeering laugh which followed this remark warned Mr. Hardon that some deep game was afoot.

"This is your man," said the butcher, waving his hand towards a gentleman sitting near.

Though in his opponent Mr. Hardon saw his bosom friend Mr. Samuel Dugger, he made no sign of recognition.

"Is this gentleman a native of the place?" he inquired.

A chorus of triumphant voices quickly vouched for this.

As soon as it was seen that Mr. Hardon was resolved to play the match out, a tired-looking stranger announced it as his conviction that he would win. Immediately he was surrounded by a throng of excited betting men, who expressed their disbelief in this statement at five to four against.

While the tired looking stranger—waking up slightly—was busy making entries in his notebook, Mr. Hardon, standing by his opponent's side, was seized with the spirit of prophecy.

"I win!" he muttered, apparently to himself.

"Halves," sighed Mr. Dugger into his half empty glass.

The ensuing game is remembered by the sporting inhabitants of Coleman to this day.

From the first stroke it was a neck and neck race; and when, the score standing at 96 all, Mr. Dugger in a moment of great excitement missed his stroke, even his backers murmured nothing but words of sympathy.

Mr. Hardon, with a white face, chalked his cue carefully, as, however, with a tricky ball he cannoned and went off the white, a muffled groan went round the room.

"My game, I think," he said, with a smile.

On leaving the hotel he met Mr. Dugger outside.

"Hello," was that gentleman's greeting, "thought it was you when they wired me."

"What did they offer you?"

"A hundred for a win, twenty for a lose. I brought Johnnie down to make a book in case it was you."

"Three hundred and twenty-four," said Johnnie, coming up at that moment.

"Add on your five hundred—" calculated Mr. Dugger.

"And the twenty," put in Mr. Hardon. "Not bad, eh?"

On motion of Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunaway, the Portland, (Ore.) Woman's club has formerly censured District Attorney Jexome of New York for his harshness in cross-examining young Thaw's wife.

"My darling, will you accept my hand."

"Let me see what you have in it."—Baltimore American.

Blank Books!

We have a stock of the large size blank books, something that has never been carried in Hillsboro. If you are in need of a

LEDGER, JOURNAL, RECORD, DAY BOOK, CASH BOOK,

Or anything in the Blank Book line we can probably supply your wants. Prices right.

The News-Herald,

111 Short Street.

HAD TO KEEP PROMISE.

Woman Paid Penalty of Almost Over-Active Conscience.

Here is a point for Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman in one of her studies of New England conscience. A family moved into a nice apartment in a nice house. The next Sunday they had callers.

"Aren't these rooms lovely!" exclaimed a woman visitor. "Are there any more flats like these to rent?"

The hostess said she believed not. "Well," said the visitor, "if there should be a vacancy later, kindly let me know and we'll move in immediately."

Just before going away she reverted to the flat. "You'll be sure to let me know if anybody moves out, won't you?" she said.

And the hostess said she would. The next week somebody did move.

"What shall I do?" wailed the hostess. "I'd rather live in an insane asylum than in the same house with that woman."

"Don't tell her about the vacancy," suggested her conscienceless husband.

"Oh, but I must," argued the woman. "I promised and I cannot break my word. I simply can't live with that woman, but I shall let her know about the flat and if the worst comes to the worst she moves in, why, we'll move out, that's all."

And that, in spite of the protests of the mystified man, was exactly what they did.

LONGING FOR COUNTRY LIFE.

Desire is Almost Universal Among Successful Men.

A strange thing is the universal longing of professional men and others who have come to the city and have prospered, as they advance in life to get back to the country. It is seldom that they do not return, and when they do there is often disappointment and things do not appear as they did long ago. The change is in the man himself, but he thinks it is in the country. Nevertheless, the desire to get back to the old country place to get one's days is very general.

Sir Walter Scott refers to it and compares the course of a man through the world to that of the hare which is started from her lair, and after a long chase and making a large circle ends by returning to the nest from which she started.

Wanted No Small Deposits.

There's a young fellow up in Harlem, says the New York Globe, who is inclined to "throw a bluff," as they say down in the Bowery. A few days ago he had \$300 to deposit, and decided he'd change his bank. He dropped into a bank that is well known to accept no small deposits and told the teller that he wanted to open an account.

"We don't accept small deposits," said the teller, and his tone was not exactly what might be called soothing.

"Who asked you to accept a small deposit?" demanded the youth. "I

did want to start an account with \$50,000, but I'll go elsewhere." He got out before he could be stopped, leaving the teller with a look of pain and chagrin scattered about his countenance.

Rules for Business Success.

Power to see the future has a certain place in business—an exceedingly humble one, however. It is employed professionally by some ladies and gentlemen at an average price of about a dollar a sitting. They can see things afar off, but not the landlord who is coming up the stairs to throw them out, nor the policeman who is coming around the corner to run them in. Prescience and clairvoyance have no place in the equipment of men who are able to make a living in less hazardous and persecuted callings.

There are plenty of infallible rules for success. Some men who have succeeded are rather fond of laying them down for the guidance of the young. But nobody—least of all their authors—ever infallibly succeeded by them.—Everybody's.

Against "Snippet" Sermons.

The bishop of Carlisle, himself a most eloquent pulpit orator, preached at Barrow-in-Furness recently against "snippet" sermons of ten minutes' duration, adding: "If people would not listen to a discourse of half an hour let them go." A good deal depends on the material of the "snippet" or the half an hour discourse. "Man John," pathetically exclaimed a Scotch minister to his ruling elder, "why dae ye snuff sae muckle whan I'm discourses?" John—"Weel, minister, ye hae the remedy into yer ain han"; pit mair snuff into yer discourses!

How to Obtain Sailors.

The marquis of Graham, who is learning ship construction and engineering in one of the shipyards on the Clyde, thinks that the most probable way to obtain the services of all-British crews is for nautical schools to be established at or near all the principal seaports, the boys learning in these schools to remain on shore and to be taught the "three R's," but their principal instruction to be seamanship. They should be sent regularly on a voyage in a sailing training ship.

For and Against.

"Yes, Marie," said Mrs. Gidday to her maid, "I do hate to have my husband kiss me after he comes from the barber's. I do so detest the odor of that brilliantine on his mustache."

"Do you really, ma'am?" replied the maid. "I rather like it."

Mary—Dark circles under the eyes indicate a sluggish circulation, torpid liver and kidneys. Exercise and Holister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and beautiful. 35 cents Tea or Tablets.

GARRETT & AYRES.

"How long does a widow mourn the death of her husband?"

"I dunno; sometimes when they marry again they mourn it the rest of their lives."